

quack press. Never mind if some of it is antique. We can sniff the battle from afar, and we know Miss Haley can pull some new stuff that will help us all. We want our children, our boys and girls, to know WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR LACK OF PLAY ROOM IN CHICAGO.

They don't learn it in the average Sunday school. Let Mrs. Haley go on and pull up the quack press from the roots.

Alfred Gordon.

Wilmotte, Ill.

WAGONS ON CAR TRACKS

Editor Day Book:—In One Man's Opinions on improvements of street car traffic, you state car tracks were made for cars, not wagons, to run on, also that there are other streets for horse traffic. Let's have another opinion, this time from a driver of horses. That's the old lame excuse of the car companies for not putting on more cars—blame it on the driver of horses.

There are very few streets fit for team traffic without car tracks upon them, as tracks are on all long diagonal streets and cross practically all bridges and viaducts, on some leaving no space between track and curb.

Did you ever notice that between the tracks the pavement is level and in good condition, while between track and curb it slopes very dangerous to both beast and skidding of cart, to say nothing of the many holes and ruts, for which bless the gas, electric light, telephone and other corporations for not replacing in the same condition they were before being torn up.

Now, if you really want to keep traffic off those streets, quit paving other streets with asphalt. Said pavement is a joke, like rubber in summer, making a team pull twice its load, which no humane driver will do, and in winter is slippery and not fit to travel because a horse wants something to dig his toe chalks in. Or enforce a five-minute rule for loading or unloading at curb, keep

pavement between track and curb in GOOD condition and last, but not least, allow no autos to anchor at curb.

W. Hecker,

1721 W. Huron St.

A WORKER'S POEM

Dear Editor:—I'm a often reader of The Day Book. Also very interested in the future of that adless paper. I'm an unskilled workingman, so I have little time to spare. Enclosed you will find a few words which were written by me while thinking about our present injustice and misery:

What is the Use ???

What is the use of that beautiful weather?

When we cannot enjoy it.

What is the use of that fine house?

When we cannot live in it.

What is the use of all the good food?

When we cannot have it.

What is the use of all governments?

When their main object is tyranny.

What is the use of all man-made laws?

When there is no justice.

What is the use of our present civilization?

When we are still in slavery.

What is the use of our present education?

When most of our future generation is forced to drop it very early, while a few mighty ones take the best of it.

I hope it will come a time

When right will make might,

When men will realize that no man can be real happy

When most of us are unhappy,

Or all of us cannot be real happy

When one is unhappy.

Jas. Goodman.

IMPROVING THE SERVICE

(Associated Press notice to Editors.)

In first sentence Trinidad story, "mules, officers and horses," please eliminate 'officers.'—Peoria Journal.